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OLD SERIES, VOL. 34.

CHICAGO, APRIL 2, 1896.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 3.

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WHAT WILL THE VIOLETS BE ?

What will the violets be
There in the Spring of springs ?
What will the bird-song be
Where the very tree-bough sings ?
What will their Easter be
Where never are dead to mourn,
But brightly the faces ask,
O, when will the rest be born ?
Brighter the Easter shines
On the faces here below,
That they are behind the flowers,
The heart of the living glow.
Beautiful secret wait !
A morrow or two, and we
Shall know in the Spring of springs
How the violets come to be.

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VOLUME III.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1896.

NUMBER 5.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all

these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—From *Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies*.

Editorial.

"Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, ineffable name?

*Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same,
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?*

There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before;

*The evil is well, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with for evil so much good more;*

On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round."

—Robert Browning.

An important meeting of the La Salle district work, represented by the unique activities of George B. Penney and L. J. Duncan of Streator, was held last week at La Salle, a two days' meeting, the attendance large and interest great. We regret the non-arrival of a report of the same for this issue. Our readers will hear more of it next week.

It is sad but not strange that Prince Bismarck has recently declared himself against the abolition of slavery in Africa because he does not believe in the equality of race. How can one who believes in the rights of kings and who would sustain governments upon aristocratic pretensions? and still how skin deep are the differences of races and how shallow are the pretensions of caste position.

The Catholics of Kalamazoo, Mich., are teaching a good lesson in church financiering. The members have saved the money they would have spent for butter during Lenten days and have given it toward the putting a new roof on the church. Other members are foregoing more expensive luxuries in the interest of a fresco fund. How many of THE NEW UNITY readers dare "go and do likewise," cutting off not the necessities, nor even the luxuries, but the hindrances and the

dissipations of life for the benefit of higher things than slate roofs or plaster frescos?

The actual number of strikers among garment-workers in Chicago to-day is estimated at ten thousand, but this means the idleness of twenty thousand, including cutters, trimmers, tailors, etc. Attendant organizations have recently contributed seven thousand dollars for the maintenance of this idleness. This strike is pathetic because it concerns the humble workers of the needle. Every man who wears a coat, every woman who dons a cloak, are involved here somehow.

Great mental achievements are for the few. Not many people can get wealthy. Perhaps great wealth is not often possible in one life time, for one who would be honest and just and tender at the same time. But the common, obscure and blessed life of usefulness is within the reach of all. There is a success that makes one wealthy without money, and happy without what the world calls popularity or influence. The great triumphs of the human soul as of history are the unsuccessful ones.

London papers have been investigating the long sermon question again and they seem to be surprised to find that it is still on the earth, some of the men who pack the houses preach an hour, sometimes more. They might have added, some of the men of the nimble twenty minutes, preach to houses of vacant seats and that as it is in England so is it in the United States. Brethren, there is no saving grace or converting power in brevity. Let our London editors look and touch profounder qualities even of success.

We all know how much of Bunker Hill is above ground, but few realize that there is fifty feet of Bunker Hill under ground. The engineer knew that the tall granite shaft could not stand unless it rested on a foundation away down beneath frosts, mud, shifting sands and yielding soils. He planted it on the backbone of this old Mother Earth. So all achievements that last must rest on foundations out of sight, the slow persistency, the quiet diligence, the tireless industry that establishes a lasting principle upon its eternal foundations.

The kite flies high because the string holds it down. The bird flies fast because the air offers resistance to its wings. If there was no air the bird would drop. So men and causes meet to rise by virtue of difficulties, to get ahead by climbing over obstacles. Some one has said that "when God would educate a man he puts him to the school of difficulties." How dangerous then is it to urge the arguments of failure, inefficiency as proof of the unsoundness of any cause or the unwisdom of any movement. If you want to work for a winning

cause in religion, join the Salvation Army or, better yet, the invincible Church of Rome.

We solicit correspondence not only concerning ideas but concerning events. We would be glad to have a correspondent in each of the parishes in sympathy with the non-sectarian movement in religion to-day, but we ask such correspondents to give us letters and not official records. Let the literary form be attended to so far as possible at the other end of the line. We are glad to edit such material as comes to us, but are too busy to edit too much raw material. Give us crisp and condensed accounts of what is doing and what is being thought in your community.

The Alleghanies are old and wasted. Once they were three thousand feet higher than they are now, but there were no human eyes on earth to see them then; their summits have gone down into the Gulf of Mexico. The sand on the lake shore is powdered rock, powdered by water. The pebbles on the lake shore, most of them, have been rounded and polished by water. The mud, which in spring time is so unattractive, but in summer time is so fertile, has been laid there by water, water the great architect. Water is the beautiful painter. Water is God's tool in making, shaping and changing the world. And this it does, not because it is strong but because it is persistent. "Weak as water?" Yes, water is weak. But strong as water because water is tireless, water is diligent, water is persistent; water works and works and never ceases to work. It is not the great freshets, nor the roaring cataracts, but the gentle shower, the quiet dews, the patient and still rivers working so silently that have changed the fact of the globe and that are now changing it. Thus is it with the forces that are changing the moral contingents of human life.

The English Governor of the Fiji Islands has recently been saying that his great trouble is that "some white men want the Fiji Islands run solely for the profit of the white race. They want us to compel the natives to work at white men's plantations and allow the store-keepers to make as many profits as they can." That is the trouble in many places besides the Fiji Islands; that is the trouble with many "store-keepers" besides those of the Fiji Islands, it is the trouble with the clothing store-keepers of Chicago just now who think the garment-makers should starve rather than to recognize them as equal partisans in the dispute and submit their interests to the arbitration of competent men. But we are glad that there are some men who, like Sir John Bates Thurston, the Governor of Fiji, are willing to recognize rights all around. The leaders of this latter class in Chicago just now, judging from a meeting held last Sunday, are Rev. Thomas Hall, a Presbyterian minister, and Judge Tuley, a radical supporter of All Souls Church. How little do the theological lines count in the presence of problems of justice.

The papers announce the resignation of the Rev. Chas. E. Perkins as pastor of the Unitarian Church of Iowa City, after eleven years' of service. The cause assigned is that he has come to such views of the divinity of Christ that he finds his more legitimate fellowship in the Con-

gregational Church. Perhaps this is not much of a surprise to those who have known the quality of Mr. Perkins' mind and thought these eleven years. All along, perhaps, his real sympathies were in that direction. He had not far to go, as so many of the Congregationalist ministers have not far to come to find themselves in the fellowship which he is supposed to have left. But this line which is supposed to be crossed and recrossed is itself purely an imaginary one and it is a small fellowship from which a man like Mr. Perkins can move out and still smaller fellowship into which he can move into. The larger philosophy and profounder metaphysics resolve into thin air, the old battle line between Trinitarian and Unitarian. The Unitarian is glad to find in his larger philosophy a justification of Trinitarian formulas as thought in transit attempts to formulate the inexpressible, while the Trinitarian hastens to interpret his formulas in the terms of universal theism. The fellowship of THE NEW UNITY still holds Brother Perkins and we invite his co-operation and sympathy.

It is great to work on long lines, great to think long thoughts, great to be able to act independently of quick returns or cheap success. Robert Browning, singing of the patient scholar who died before he had accomplished much, one who seemed to have failed because he worked for high ends that were beyond his reach, says

"Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure,
Bad is our bargain!

* * * * *

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundreds soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.
That, has the world here—should he need the next,
Let the world mind him!
This, throwing himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking, shall find Him."

The same poet said "Better fail in the high aim than to vulgarly succeed in the low aim." It is better to live for high things. Work on long lines rather than spend our precious lives for cheap things and near success. The true soul prefers to work for the things that seem impossible, for the good that seems out of reach. He believes in the impracticable and works for what men call impossible.

Easter Thoughtfulness.

We send our Easter greetings to our readers, feeling with them the inspiration of the awakening world and the ever-increasing tide of human hopefulness and trust. Primarily, Easter joys rest in sunshine. They are twin children with robins and buds, but secondarily they are born out of thought, the ideas of men, the ideals of the soul. The awakening of nature is inspiring but the awakenings of human nature are more inspiring. We let our contributors speak for us on these thought lines. In our sermon department the voice

of David Swing, though silent, will be heard again by many who can promptly furnish the personality, restore the presence and hear the accent of the loved preacher. To those who never heard him in this form his thoughts will come as interesting notes of Easter joys.

We content ourselves with a tender word of greeting to those who have, during the year, endured what seemed irreparable loss, but who in Easter time, begin to realize that even in this loss there is gain and that the lost are yet in our possession. And this class will represent all our readers, for if the immediate household may not have been visited by the death friend, the larger household of which all are members, has been thus invaded. We cannot call the list but we cannot resist the temptation to write the names of those who have most recently for us exemplified the law of gain in loss, triumph in death, the Easter transfigurations.

Thomas Hughes, the stalwart commoner of England, the friend and interpreter of boys, the cultured voice that sought the toiler, the man of position who gave so much of his life to give position to those denied recognition. All the way from the early triumph of "Tom Brown of Rugby" to the later disappointment of the "Rugby of Tennessee," the story of Thomas Hughes is an inspiring one.

To come into the narrower range of THE NEW UNITY fellowship, we venture to mention in this connection the name of J. B. Dakin of Mason City, Ia., the good physician who had endeared himself through long years of tireless service to those who dwell on wide stretches of Iowa prairies, an American Dr. McClure, who never turned a deaf ear to a call, who went and went until he could go no more. The interest of our readers is deepened by the memory that he was a loyal supporter of all open causes, the friend of free thought, an advocate of undogmatic religion, a believer in the piety which THE NEW UNITY seeks to establish. Not only Iowa but the West and the world will miss such a good worker.

Mrs. Mary Ann S. Osgood is a name unfamiliar in the printed page, one which belonged to a friend that would almost protest against the mention of it in this connection, but a name endeared to a wide circle of friends in Salem, Mass., where a large portion of her life was spent in the service of everything that was good, and a name scarcely less dear among the recent circle of friends formed in the later years of All Souls Church, Chicago, where her cheerfulness, beneficence and open hospitality of thought and spirit crowned the closing years of her life with beauty.

In Janesville, Mrs. Sarah Cooley Guernsey, one of the mothers of the All Souls Church of that place, in the fullness of her years has recently passed on. Later we will try to make room for some of the words fittingly spoken at her funeral by her Pastor, Rev. Mr. Southworth, which have been excluded from the crowded pages of our columns thus far. Suffice it at this time that the claims of old friendship, as well as the debt we all owe to these obscure workers, justify the mention of these names not only for their own sake, but for their representative quality. The world is made rich by these silent and quiet workers. The thought of them makes glad the Easter time and their work prepares the way for still gladder Easters and more noble Easter

thoughts. They are concrete illustrations of the growing world and the expanding soul of man ever ripening into more and more conscious relation with the undying soul of the universe. Being children of men, they are children of God.

The Final Pantheon.

When the Roman world grew large, and Roman armies conquered about all the known world, Roman ideas widened out with their boundaries. It was impossible to come in contact with a hundred religions and retain any large degree of bigotry for the old national faith. The national life absorbed ideas everywhere, and as a consequence Roman thought was the most liberal the world had known. The culmination of this tendency was the building of a vast temple, in which not merely the Roman gods should find welcome, but all gods from every clime. And here any traveler, or temporary resident at Rome, or even a slave might go and find his own altar for worship. You say it was all idolatry. It was for all that the best the world had reached; and Rome thereafter never persecuted any sect that did not persecute others. She handled Christians and Jews roughly because they made it a business to abuse other gods.

Every human enlargement builds a Pantheon, a tolerant resting place for believers in divers creeds, and a token of the belief that we are all searching after the same divine light.

What was possible in the earlier ages only in a limited degree, as in a large empire ruled autocratically, is becoming true of the whole world. The Cæsars brought a few countries under one government, and one system of laws, and into familiarity with one language, and to an extent common usages. The lands of Asia were fraternally bound with those of Europe and Africa. Couriers traversed the whole Empire from Britain to Persia. Occasionally the Eastern army was transferred to the far West. Traders were constantly interlinking all the Provinces. There was no telegraph, no railroad, no daily press to bind together and produce a quick interchange of thought. Yet with the intercommunication they had they learned to drop their sectional bigotry and local prejudices; Jews, Britains, Moors, Germans, Scythians, Egyptians might and did become Roman citizens. I want you to see the process. It was simply the result of enlarged views of the world. The Romans conquered races that were isolated, without any wide knowledge of the world, and made them citizens of a vast empire. The consequences were that the peoples not only borrowed customs but interchanged religious views. They learned about the gods of other nations. They frequently worshiped them. You remember the Jews were in captivity at one time nearly a century. In their new home they came in contact with a wonderful religious theory and a noble religious life. The result was they took home enlarged religious views, and the later "Jehovah worship was wonderfully rich.

A very similar result followed the Crusades. From 1100 to 1300, A. D., the stronger nations of Europe engaged in a religious war to drive the Mohammedans from Jerusalem and Palestine. They went out furious zealots; but the more they saw of their enemies the less

they hated them. The followers of the Prophet were the most learned, most civilized, most humane, most pious. The Christians who came home brought back a spirit of tolerance. They had seen too much of the world. The Crusades broke up the darkest age of Christian bigotry.

The peculiarity of our age is that the whole world is, so far as thought is concerned, passing under one empire. Steam carries us around the globe five times a year. The telegraph flashes the words of Balfour to San Francisco and to Bombay in one hour. We cannot sectionalize ourselves. Mason's and Dixon's line is severed by so many railroad tracks that it is virtually obliterated. By rapid transit Maine is able to combine its political life with Oregon. It is like a vast number of shuttles interweaving the wishes and wills of millions of people.

The political Pantheon is a Republic. Autocratic governments are no longer possible except as they can shut out free interchange of thought. The press, the steam car, the telephone, the telegraph are republican institutions. Literature is sure to become the voice of unity, fellowship and humanity.

Internationalism crowds out nationalism. Patriotism is no longer a sublime virtue. The greatest prophet died not for the Jews but for mankind. This is a Christian age only as we love beyond river and ocean boundaries.

The religious Pantheon is the world temple, in which we respect the worshipful love of even the lowest neighbors; reverence the love of the higher; and sympathize with the meanest aspiration of the most ignorant. Only dogmatic arrogance, and brute-force persecution and degeneration of superstition are to be abhorred. Let us try to comprehend this creed as infinitely superior to the Nicene, or the Apostles, or that of Trent, or that of Westminster; we believe that every man should love God with all his heart and his neighbor as himself. The final Pantheon of all humanity, gathering its moral force for one love of one God, draws us all nearer together in the restored human family.

E. P. P.

In His Kingdom.

A soul set free came trembling through the night
And stood, all naked, in the judgment light.

"Alas," she cried, "so pressed with life was I,
No space I found to teach me how to die.

Unshriven I came;—I was so full of care
No time had I for penance or for prayer.

I dwelt where men were in such evil case,
Their woful eyes still held me to my place,

Nor did I heed my garments' fret and stain,
If so I might a little ease their pain.

And scarce my thought from haunting care could stay
To say at morn, 'Ah, Lord! another day.'

But flying still, and followed hard by fear,
I loved and toiled, and waked to find me here!"

Then round the naked soul the judgment light
Grew, like a lily's bloom, to garments white;

And a new dawn of rapture and surprise
Shone through the doubt and sorrow of her eyes,

As a voice whispered, "Since thou didst not fear
To drink my cup on earth, come share it here!"

And gazing on a face, unknown till now,
She cried, exulting, "Master! is it Thou?"

—Emily Huntington Miller in *The Independent*.
Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Immortality.

Fear may doubt it or deny—
With the snow on branches bare,
With storm-darkened dome of sky,
With weak heart oppressed with care;
Then hath hope but influence small,
Faith is lost in twilight dim;
Thro' the shadows covering all—
Love forgets to sing her hymn!

But with orchards far abloom,
With the cheer of cloudless skies,
With departure of ghost gloom,
Hope again to rule doth rise;
She believes the birds and flowers,
Glad as child where grasses wave;
Thro' enchanted springtide hours—
Songs she sings above the grave!

William Brunton.

An Easter Thought.

The life principle, that which is found in the merest atom as well as in the human being, surely indicates the probability of continuation of life beyond the grave. When we bury a tiny seed in the earth, what a seeming miracle takes place; the outer shell decays and falls away and the life principle asserts itself, reaching out for the light, growing at last into the beautiful plant or noble tree. Is not the life principle in the soul of man just as likely to assert itself after the body is cast off? This infinitely mysterious soul how it will blossom into full flower when freed from the soil of earth.

Faith in a higher soul life strengthens the moral nature as a purely materialistic theory tends to destroy. If our soul goes out into a broader, richer life, then our narrow, thwarted lives here have not been lived in vain. True we should cultivate the soul to its highest earthly capacity, but our ideals are so far off and beyond all that we really attain in this life it is truly a blessing that attainment of even the most beautiful ideals is a probability in the future existence. Progress and not annihilation of the throbbing, struggling soul, this is the summit of our hope.

Now, if this hope in the immortality of the soul is a reasonable one, and a natural one, why should we not endeavor to strengthen our belief in it, rather than saying with the agnostic,—"We do not know, therefore we cannot believe?" The time may come, perhaps, when we can say "We do know." The increased attention given to the investigation of psychological phenomena, the interest shown in the claim of the students of occult science indicates the possibility of solving some of the soul mysteries even this side of the grave.

We are but human; pale negations chill and depress us, and when the bitterness of sorrow and grief for the loss of one we love overwhelms our soul, when that time of utter loneliness and longing comes, as come it must to us all, then a trust in a higher power will be our truest comfort. The power, call it what we will, that gives motion to the atom, that thrills the seed with life, the power that regulates the sun, the moon and the stars, the Almighty power that develops the perfect human body from the tiny embryo, and greatest miracle of all, the endowing of that physical organization with the mind, the mind with all its capacities for noble development, surely this power can give eternal immortal life to the soul.

ELLA REEVE WARE.

February 25, 1896.

Cowlyn, Pa.

A New Jesus.

The meanest magazine article of 1896 so far has been a contemptuous review of the marked movement in England among the lower classes to accept Jesus as "The Man For Us." Here is the story upon which the author discourses as a text. "A well-known labor leader, addressing a crowd of strikers some time ago, began to talk to them about the Man of Nazareth. He told them some things the Man of Nazareth said while he was on the earth, and some things the Man of Nazareth did upon the earth, and beginning to draw on his inner consciousness told them what he believed the Man of Nazareth would say and do were he once more to sojourn among them. As he warmed with his subject, he pictured the Man of Nazareth taking up the cause of the strikers, putting himself at their head, denouncing capitalistic greed and hypocrisy as he denounced rich hypocrites two thousand years ago," until the crowd in transport of enthusiasm called "Three cheers for the Man of Nazareth," and sent a thousand caps into the air. "This," says the reviewer, "is Jesus the Demagogue." "Having formulated its type-man, the next step of socio-materialism is to back the new character by new sanctions. The advanced wing with courageous logic discard Christ in any character, with all his sanctions, but the less extreme, treating the matter as a change of clothes, apply the sartorial art to the Gospels, and succeed in turning out a brand new democratic suit. The socialistic commentaries on the New Testament has not yet appeared, though it is certainly on its way."

All which makes us say that if Christianity is this reviewer's cold-blooded preference for sanctions to life and enthusiasm, and a quickening of the people; then give us whatever can displace it. But we believe there is no such dilemma of choice. Christianity is not the property of a sacred and sanctioned class. Its soul is not found in creeds and vestments and processions and retrocessions. Above all the religion of Jesus is not a savior that pertains to the next life or any other life. So far what he has done has been to renovate this life and this world. We deny that "Christ is still ordained a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence to every man and every age that prefers the temporal to the eternal."

The traditional Jesus of the first centuries was an ascetic. This was natural because Jesus did preach against laying up treasures on earth; and Christianity did borrow a good deal from Eastern, if not Buddhistic lore and custom; and that was ascetic four hundred years before Jesus. But that sort of Jesus was slowly outgrown. The mediæval Jesus was a hierarchal head of a universal church, with its seat of absolutism at Rome. This, too, was a legitimate Jesus, because he did speak of his church as universal, and of Peter as a cornerstone of it. But by the sixteenth century a new Jesus began to appear, the son of man as well as son of God. This was also a legitimate Jesus, because he certainly did announce himself as the son of man, and his doctrines were spoken openly. The revolt of the sixteenth century began with permission to get at his words. The present revolt is a deeper stage of the same event. Men now demand not only the Bible, but Jesus himself. The early reformation gave us a book; the latter gives us the man. And that after all is where the whole salvation lies. Sympathy and help and personal interest in us, on the part of our Saviors, is the only way by which they can save.

Society has gone through three stages. In the first the special classes—the God-favorites—the lords in Church and State had Jesus all to themselves—"Deo volente." The rest of the world must get salvation by proxy from priests, and their bread by proxy from lords,—all "dei gratia." This was broken in upon by the middle classes; and a second regime came in, whereby Jesus and his words were the property of all

who could read the Bible and go to church. The great unwashed mass was bidden to hope for another life—to consider this world a damned affair; and to save not the soul and body together, but the soul alone. The third stage of the reformation is now on us. The great solid substratum of society has got a leaven in it, that leaven has been at work for a century. It is now about to become very organic, and find a definite voice. Can we do anything better than help them to Jesus? Is this not the real Jesus of the twentieth century; the man in the crowd of toilers and sufferers? What phase of Jesus is more marked? How can a woman with her feet in wool and her hands like lilies comprehend Jesus? How can a millionaire, or even a professor of theology, comprehend the man who had not where to lay his head? The new Jesus will get preached I believe in the lowest state of society—down at the bottom; and we shall at last learn that he came to save the uppermost and the undermost.

That there will be selfish interpretations of Jesus by the sans culotte and men of the dirty shirts, who can doubt? But they will make no worse work of it than the satin-clothed elect have done. What the world in all the ages has been trying to get at has been the man—the real man, the complete man. When they get that they will have got the God. For "I and the Father are one" is a great law of nature. This is an intensely interesting and most wonderful struggle of humanity. Who and what is the real man? Vaguely all have had a vision that Jesus was the man. Salvation from our meanness can come only as we fully see right manhood.

I gladly take a part of the reviewer's words. "The English workingmen have said He is the Man for us—three cheers for the Man of Nazareth." From *The Kernel and the Husks* we read: "We used to think that Christ was a fiction of the priests—at all events not a man like us in any way—a different sort of a being altogether—one who could do what he liked—so people said—and turn the world upside down if he pleased; and then we could not make him out at all. Why, thought we, did he not turn the world upside down and make it better if he could? It was all a mystery to us. But now we find he was a man after all—like us, a poor working man—who had a heart for the poor, and wanted to turn the world upside down—but he could not do it at once; and he went a strange way and a long way round to do it, but he has come nearer doing it, spite of his enemies than any man we know; and now we understand this, we say—though we don't understand it all or anything like all,—He is the man for us." If the reviewer is not pleased with this, and thinks Jesus will be unfrocked by vulgar association; and that theology will tumble and crumble we are heartily glad of it. What under the heavens has this age got to do with the ascetic Jesus of the second century or the hierarchal Jesus of the eleventh century; or the Calvinistic creed-bound Jesus of the eighteenth century? The only interpreter of Jesus is the heart of the age. Get him before the throbbing, yearning soul of the huge human being, that is struggling to get out of the slums, and hovels, and bagnios; and let us hear what is said. Thank God, if there be a great shout; without a bent knee,—only a manlier uplook, and a cry of joy, "Three cheers for the Man of Nazareth."

E. P. Powell.

Spring Rains.

When the snow is sunk
And the fields are bare,
And the rising sun has a golden glare
Through the window pane;
And the crow flies over
The smooth, low hills,
And all the air with his calling thrills—
All hearts leap up in song again
To welcome spring and the spring-time rain.

Hamlin Garland.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

Consider the Lilies.

[An Easter sermon preached by Prof. David Swing on Easter Day, 1894, and printed through the courtesy of Alvin Joiner of Polo, Ill., who had corresponded with Mr. Swing concerning the publication before the lamented death of the noble preacher. THE NEW UNITY takes pleasure in giving new wings to the helpful thoughts.]

*Behold the birds of the Heaven; * * * your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.—Matthew iv., 26-34.*

It is reported that after the awful battle of Waterloo had been raging about five hours and the evening of the bloody day was falling upon the fighting but exhausted troops, Wellington said: "Oh that Blucher or night would come!" Napoleon must have had his heart full of a similar wish, for one of his great generals with a large division was far away and was much needed on the sad field.

Waterloo may stand for all the fields of life and care and battle; and then from the noise and pain of the great conflict the heart cries out: "Oh that something could intervene!" Mankind does not ask for either Blucher or night, but it does wish that some power could come between itself and all present sorrows and a final oblivion.

Man has not been long in life before he has learned to love it very deeply. When a child he loves his existence indeed, but he does not measure and value it as he does when, at thirty or forty, his mind has reached some ability to comprehend the soul and its marvelous actions in conscious being. Mrs. Sigourney once wrote a beautiful poem on a boy that was dying at the age of 8 years, but the reader can see that all the deep and tender measurements of the poem came from the mature poetess and not from the fading child.

Man's existence is something so large and mysterious that he never fully sounds its depth, and at fifty or sixty he is more than ever overwhelmed with the fact that he lives. In the very early years it does not seem strange to be moving to and fro, eating, sleeping, waking, walking, laughing, singing, or speaking, working, playing, enjoying; but as the years pass the strangeness of the situation grows more and more evident. What pleases in childhood fills with awe the later years. The facts of hands and feet and a mind are enough to the schoolboy, but to such facts all the later years add a long and deep pondering.

The love of our world grows along with this growing mystery. The whole scene is not much like a Waterloo and the common hearts are not much like those two great masters of troops. The fields may be blossoming and full of multiform beauty, and the heart may be reading or talking or singing, but still the whole surroundings are so tremendous that the heart cannot but wish that some friend or some answer would come. According to the gospel of Jesus and to the highest philosophy of men God is the needed intervention. In this strange and sweet battlefield the heart can say to itself, "Oh that God would come!"

God is the great and needed intervention. If he canvasses the earth in behalf of the plants that do not toil nor spin, that which do nothing but blossom, much more is he the mediator for the higher orders of life. If he cannot neglect a lily how can he slight the human heart? These Easter plants and flowers are not conscious of any intervening power. The sunshine, the soil, the raindrops are all unknown to them. They are the constant recipients of an unknown love. When the mind passes to a higher form of organism, that of the bird, the deer, the horse, it finds no sense of depen-

dence, no inquiry about who made the grains and the grass. The wild deer eats the tender leaves, but it does not ask for any origin of the bushes or the forest. All the swarms of life below man are cared for by an unknown love. Reaching man we find the scene all changed. A strange consciousness appears and a strange intellect that in the wonders of a battlefield, sad or beautiful, can cry out: Oh that God would come! The argument of Jesus was that if God intervenes in behalf of the lily he must intervene for humanity. He is not a God of blossoms only but of men.

Is he upon earth in person? We cannot affirm or deny. We do not know the meaning of the words "in person" when they are applied to the infinite God. The word "spirit" has undergone a great enlargement in late years. Instead of involving it in ruin, science has crowned it. Never was Christianity more spiritual than it is to-day. Our ancestors thought of the Creator as being a large King. He had hands and eyes. He was fond of war. He was centrally located and had millions of messengers that did his will. All this physical imagery moved forward unchecked until it reached our century. Here the humanized Deity was set free from material. Instead of destroying the world's God, science did us all a great service by detaching the Creator from the phenomena of material things. Science has made more visible an infinite gulf as yawning between mind and the earthly substances. All the great scientific students have in some manner confessed that there is something within the universe besides what they have found. While they were raising up a material world, which many feared would become a tower, from whose summit the sky could be invaded or pulled down, behold there arose silently a spiritual world whose height is above all other heights, whose shafts sparkle in infinity. The old dogmas of the church used to fetter this spiritual God and his kingdom; they made the divine empire much like the kingdom of a Solomon or a Cyrus—the empire of a despot. From these chains it has been set free at last, and God and religion float out into immensity. Never had man a more spiritual religion than that of our period. This blessed result comes partly from the fact that science has beaten the dust out of it. God as a spirit can easily be here.

The same study that has made soul rise up above the rocks and the ground and the water has discovered a physical world a thousand times more refined than that of the Hebrews and the Greeks. No one knows what light is, but all know that something comes from the sun and comes two hundred thousand miles in a second. If light is an undulation something must undulate. A cause produces its effect ninety-three millions of miles away and causes this effect in eight minutes. Recently some students in England joined in a boat race. The result was told in America in five seconds after the race had been won. That which came from England in five seconds was a material traveler. The angel that thus flew over the Atlantic was not a spirit. It could not think, love or remember or hope. Its wings and power were made of earthly things. The messenger was not like the Mercury who did errands for the Olympian gods. That errand boy had wings on his feet and had not far to go. This nineteenth century Mercury is made out of wire, zinc, copper and sulphuric acid, and thus constructed can fly from Oxford to Boston in five seconds. Thus the material world has been revealed as having an undreamed of delicacy. It moves away, softening and growing delicate as it runs, but it never seems to come any nearer to that other something that thinks and speaks. Electricity is a very fine substance and so is light, but neither of them can come any nearer than a log of wood can come to saying: "I love, I remember." Between even the delicate sunbeams and the mind a great gulf yawns. The delicate sunbeams can fall into the white

or pink silks and satins of the Easter flowers, but, thus meeting, the light and the blossoms cannot say: "Oh that God would come!" If material substances can so journey, what must be the wonders of the spirit?

Paul wondered with what bodies the earth's dead would go forth to heaven. He did not know. And our era does not know; but all the new studies of our scientists make possible a hundred kinds of body besides that coarse, heavy one in which the human soul now dwells. The mind does not sustain here any final essential relations to a body. Here it is living according to its earthly home. It must accept of its surroundings, but this state need not be a finality. Even here the mind reshapes the clay of which the face is made. As the soul advances in education and moral excellence the face grows more beautiful. The eye, the forehead, the cheek obey that strange sculptor or painter that lives in the heart. All the new faces in our high civilization come to justify the words of the poet Spenser:

For from the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form and doth the body make,

Weight and solidity depend upon the world in which man lives. Should the average man be transferred to the smallest of the planets he would not weigh an ounce. His body would be unharmed and his mind as godlike.

If here in this gross sphere the mind is always refining its own body, the advance of the mind to some higher world would imply the advance of the house in which it lives. As science has unveiled the infinite delicacy of the material universe it has made easily possible a new humanity in some other world. Under the workings of a nobler mind the form will become more beautiful than it is here. The sculptor will still have his workshop in the heart, and the new virtues of the mind will at once begin to spread their radiance on the face. Thus the march of the physical sciences does not oppose the idea of a nobler human body in some life to come. Science suggests an angelic life.

That materialism cannot span the gulf between matter and mind. It can make both banks more charming, but it cannot occupy the gulf between. As the gardeners and farmers can make the shores of America and France more beautiful, can drive back the wild beast, and redouble the vines and palms and harvests on either shore, but cannot fill up the intervening Atlantic, so modern thought can trace dust until it becomes a ray of light or a wave of electric ether, and it can think of mind long and tenderly, but it cannot fill up the separating ocean.

A resident of this city taught a little spider to come at his call and receive its crumb of food. The creature's body was not larger than a seed of flax, its head was almost invisible. In that head was a mind. This spider soon learned to emerge from its little woven chamber and watch all the motions of human kindness. After two weeks of such friendship the little eye would detect its friend and hasten out from its parlor and stand on that edge of its web that was nearest to its new found human world. Here in this microscopic brain were memory and hope—not, indeed, the memory of history and poetry, but the memory of yesterday's kindness, hope, not of office or of immortality, but the hope of seeing its friend and its food. What can science do with such phenomena of mind? How powerless are all our laboratories to make that spider's mind a part of the world's dust!

It is upon this mystery of animal life the humane societies of the world base a part of their reason of existence. One should ask for a vast store of insensibility before going forth to shoot the bird, the wild deer. Perhaps killing living creatures is necessary in the economy of man, but he that kills bird or beast should lament the necessity of such a defaming of life's temple; and he who causes useless pain to brutes must be reckoned among the infamous. Not far from the mind

of man and not far from the mind of bird or deer stands the thrilling mystery of a God. All life has its rights and its awful mystery. Mankind should stand in holy reverence on the shore of a sea no intellect can cross.

It was feared forty years ago that the physical research then becoming so popular was to be a mortal enemy of Christianity and all religion. The result feared has not come. The heart has indeed suffered not a little from the long unrest and from the fall of old idols in the form of doctrines. But from this shock many are recovering, and now the physical and the spiritual worlds stand forth in a new grandeur. If Roman and Protestant churches have lost a little of themselves, the names of Christ and God have acquired a grander significance. All civilization asks for the divine life of Jesus and all our science asks for the intervention of a God. Our age has followed the paths of both matter and mind to an end; it has gone as far as reason can go, and now it more and more asks the Deity to come in between. The ocean between the two shores is composed of the Deity.

While this great spirit is removed from human sight and touch, reason appears on the scene as God's will. Should it use its powers to the utmost and then obey its decrees what a society earth would soon possess! There may have been other revelations of the divine will but these were in the name of some one truth of hope or practice; but reason is a perpetual voice, a revelation of ten thousand duties and joys and hopes. If some dogma sinks before reason it is because the dogma is too feeble a beam to compete with the sun. When the mind of man reasons his way out of despotism into liberty does he oppose the church? When he reasons his way from sickness to health, from ignorance to education, from drunkenness to temperance, from cruelty to kindness, from the savage state to a highly civilized condition, does he find his faculty to be an enemy of piety and faith?

Reason has gone further still. It has led man from idleness to industry; it has made him prefer beauty to deformity; it has made him prefer a dwelling house to a cave in the ground; it has made him study nature and enjoy the red cheek won under the sunbeams and in the pure air; it has written down for man laws of health, conduct and religion, and in all manners and times has been man's greatest friend. What folly is it of the human heart that can transform this amazing friend into an enemy of our race? Reason studied and obeyed will lead a child from the cradle up to a most noble manhood or womanhood; it will lead a nation from barbarism to a civilization better than any history contains; reason will build a church nobler far than that reared by the Protestants or Catholics. It will not discard a single truth; it will not mar the name or work of Christ; it will hand him over to the people in a form more beautiful than any he has worn since he died upon the cross. When reason shall touch the cross its wood will become gold.

If the whole scheme and situation on earth needs the intervention of a God, and in the absence of an audible voice there is a strange faculty that is always offering to lead humanity forward, we must surmise that faculty to be a revelation as abundant as man's need and as long as his life. Oh reason! thou strange revelation whose volume is never to be closed! To new generations, new pages will be turned by human fingers yet to come; over those new pages, eyes not yet in the realm of our sunbeams will shed tears of joy. If the many denominations of Christendom shall ever find a unity of faith and love, they will come to this harmony by reason's converging paths. Reason scatters chaff to the winds and garners the golden wheat. It is the great ideal angel who spoke in the proverbs of Solomon, and who acted as the indwelling voice in Socrates. Under the name of Mentor it took care of the kingdom of Ithaca. Under that name Minerva

acted some of her divine parts in the drama of life, and back the name came in later times in an eloquent story by Fenelon. It is wiser than all the theologians of the church. It can create statesmen and republics, and can compel the infidel or the skeptic to mingle tears and hopes with his doubts.

But what is this reason that seems the representative of our God? It is not the power that demonstrates alone, but the power that also weighs probabilities and that accepts not simply a positive certainty, but also a noble hope. The larger part of reason's work is done among the probabilities in man's life. It being confessed that the universe has two hemispheres—the one material, the other spiritual—there must be probabilities on either shore, and therefore reason must be just as busy with the world's spirit as it is with the world's dust. In a recent essay on Mr. Tyndall, Herbert Spencer says: "He was unusually conscious that all physical inquiry leads to metaphysics." Spirit, then, is just as real as dust. The mind of the little spider is just as real as its web. Reason, therefore, must study the data of the spiritual hemisphere and deduce from them all the high inferences of facts will bear.

Many of the great men of science dealt only in material things. Their reasoning powers were good, but they swept only half of the horizon. The universe was too large for Humboldt and Darwin. They lingered on one shore. So the life-long musician cares little for the picture or the statue. The sun dims the stars, but the stars are there in their eternal places. Unable to know and love all the human race, man loves those that stand nearest.

So Humboldt and Darwin picked up the shells and autumn leaves that lay at their feet. The shells and leaves were too beautiful to be left behind; but the ideal reason will come and will sweep the whole sky. It will melt a thousand creeds into one piety and millions of Christians into one perfect manhood, society cannot afford to follow science and see only earth and stones; it cannot afford to follow Thomas a Kempis and see only convent walls. It must combine the realm of nature and the realm of soul, and must pass daily from the one to the other, for God stands between and holds one realm in each loving hand.

Society can never afford to follow a specialist. Had the Greeks followed Phidias they would have had nothing but statues. Had our age followed Beethoven we should have now nothing but sonatas. Had we followed Napoleon we should all be soldiers and have nothing but war. Should we follow Darwin alone, at the nightfall of life we should be sitting down by a basketful of fossil ferns or fishes, dried blossoms and dead leaves. The specialist can add to civilization, but he cannot make it. As the jeweler can fashion a diamond for a human form, but cannot make a beautiful human face or a beautiful soul, so the special student can add some truth or law to civilization, but he cannot supply all the thoughts and emotions of an impressive age.

But the wants of a community are also the wants of each separate mind. Man cannot live for dust alone, for he is in part soul. He cannot live for the soul alone, for he is in part dust. In some strange way dust and spirit mingle. Christ and the lilies met. There was no war between that religion and that science. Those blossoms did not say: We are the children of a future age; a coming age of cellular structure and physical forces. Could they have spoken they would in truth have said: "Oh, Son of God, we, too, are the lilies of God. There is in us a mysterious life. Thou livest on the shore of immortality, we on the shore of time, but we are fed by the same intervening love. Thou didst utter the tremendous laws which the world calls the Sermon on the Mount, we are far below in wisdom and eloquence, but we proclaim to mankind the prevalence of a spirituality, a delicacy, a refinement, a

purity akin to the virtues seen in thee. In us matter and spirit do not conflict. The dust in us only holds our purity up to the gaze of mortals. Science and religion are no more at war than the face of Madonna or Beatrice was at war with her soul. The face needed the spirit and the spirit the face. We are the blossoms of God."

The Easter Sunday arose in Christianity, but it does not reach its noon there; and its star will never set. What began in Christ now reason espouses. Arguing from the spirit onward reason asks for a second life. It says the greatest fact upon earth is that of mind. Man is evidently a child of the skies. Reason cannot contemplate him; cannot mark the brevity of his life and contrast that brevity with his powers and ambition; cannot note his love of existence; cannot count his tears; cannot behold his virtues, his love, his friendships without bespeaking for him a greater and a longer existence. Reason says an everlasting Father would want his children to be long lived. He would not hurry Christ and all the holy ones back to dust. Life so awful, so great, so blessed, ought to be long.

The Easter may have begun in the church, but now reason comes on this holy day and asks for a part of the hymns and flowers. Science comes. It sees the gulf which only the Deity can explain. It bows and says to religion: Give me some of your lilies! Blessed period—that which at last will appear in our world, when reason and science and religion shall alike look upward and see all resplendent a world of human immortality and of God!

Early Spring.

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plow'd hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throstles too.

Opens a door in Heaven;
From skies of glass
A Jacob's ladder falls
On greening grass,
And o'er the mountain-walls
Young angels pass.

Before them fleets the shower,
And bursts the buds,
And shine the level lands,
And flash the floods;
The stars are from their hands
Flung thro' the woods.

The woods with living airs
How softly fann'd,
Light airs form where the deep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land.

O follow, leaping blood,
The season's lure!
O heart, look down and up
Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus cup,
Like snowdrops, pure!

Past, Future glimpse and fade
Thro' some slight spell,
A gleam from yonder vale,
Some far blue fell,
And sympathies, how frail,
In sound and smell!

Till at thy chuckled note,
Thou twinkling bird,
The fairy fancies range,
And, lightly stirr'd,
Ring little bells of change
From word to word.

For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
The flower with dew;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The poets too.

Alfred Tennyson.

The Home.

*Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things
in a religious way.*

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Praise to God for dreams of birth,
Brooding in the quiet earth!

MON.—Deep as our wants are the prayers we pray.

TUES.—Yet shalt thou praise him when these darkened
furrows,
Where now he plougheth, wave with golden
grain.

WED.—Most we bless thee for thyself,
O heavenly Light within.

THURS.—Somewhere yet a greeting waits me
On the faces of my dead!

FRI.—The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust.

SAT.—Praise God for his budding green,
April's resurrection scene.

The Thought of God.

A Question.

Suppose that on an April morn,
When birds are on the wing,
Their singing sweet with hopes new born
Of spring,—

The modest little meadow blooms,
Just waking from their sleep,
Should fail from out their tiny rooms
To peep,

Inquiring what these carols mean,
And why the earth so gay,—
But nestled under bedclothes green
Should stay.

With all our joy in warblings sweet,
And sky of cloudless blue,
Would that spring morning be complete,
Think you?

Anne Burr Wilson, in Child Garden.

The Small Change of Life.

How mortifying it is to find on entering a street car that there is absolutely nothing but a ten dollar bill in your purse. The circumstances might not be so annoying elsewhere, but here, the nimble nickel would be so gratefully welcomed. The conductor's reproachful look, the passengers' suspicious stare, as they try to decide whether you often try to cheat the company, bring into clear relief the value of small change.

Many people go bumping uncomfortably through life for want of the small change of little courtesies, who perchance never failed to find the convenient nickel. Miss Blank is unpopular and she can't see why. Simply the lack of loose change, of little courtesies. She sat next to a neighbor a whole hour, and forgot to ask regarding the health of her sick daughter. She meant to go to her old schoolmate's afternoon tea, but forgot it when the afternoon came, and then waited a week before offering an excuse. She sits glum and silent in the street car—it's too much trouble to talk; she waits six months before returning the call of a woman she really wishes to know; she never tells people that they have helped or interested her, yet Miss Blank is a true friend in great emergencies, and loved by those who have proved her worth. The ten dollar bills are ready, the loose change is lacking.

The best of all places to use loose change, though, is at home. And how many homes there are which seldom see a penny of politeness, a nickel of a merry story prettily told, a ten-cent piece of small personal service, a silver quarter of loving little surprises, sprung for family delectation.

Really, the loose change of humor, pleasantness, and

a good temper would make heaven out of some homes that are virtuous and devoted and loyal, but so hard up for little good times. Tisn't a bad notion to keep a bit of table talk jingling in one's pocket for home circulation. The breakfast table really languishes for some sweet soul who will keep small change handy to give to his impoverished and grumpy family at that hour in which there can be no illusions.

If the family life needs the small change of cheerfulness, overlooking of trifles, unselfish courtesy, the religious life is fairly embarrassed for the want of spiritual little coins. There are men and women with their wallets bursting with crisp bills of faith in the whole creed and the future life, who are bankrupt for deeds of week-day holiness. The quiet word of witness, the welcome to the timid girl in the Sunday school class, the cordial greeting of the stranger in the pew, the close personal interest which finds out that the clerk is discouraged and away from home, the use of one's house for God, these are too insignificant to receive attention. So the poor, rich church goes wondering why so few people are attracted. If men would change their big coins of belief into the thousand little opportunities of daily life, power would be multiplied many fold.—Mrs. W. A. Montgomery in *Home Interest* of Rochester, N. Y.

The Little Mothers!

Strange mockery of motherhood!
They who should feel the fostering care
Maternal, and the tender good
Of home when fondling arms are there,

Must, ere their time, in mimic show
Of age and sacred duties, be
Thus wise to guide thus deep to know,
The artless needs of infancy.

The little mothers! Will they win
The bitter-sweet of elder years?
Will love protect them from the sin,
And faith gleam dauntless through the tears?

God grant some guerdon for the loss
Of childly joy; and when they come
To woman-ways and woman's cross,
Give them a fate more frolicsome.

Richard Burton, in The Century.

Things seem to die, but die not; the spring showers
Die on the bosom of the motherly earth,
But rise again in fruits and leaves and flowers;
And every death is nothing but a birth.

Adversity is a school of character. Personality grows in and through trial. Without conflict there is no high development of personal being. Undisturbed ease cannot secure a sturdy and vigorous manhood. Innocence is less than virtue.

The Earth and Man.

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west—
And woods and fields are sweet again
And warmth within the mountain's breast.
So simple is the Earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,—
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.
So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy;
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.

—Stopford A. Brooke.

A man, be the heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself; yet were ten men, united in love, capable of being and doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to man.
Carlyle.

Books and Authors.

(Publishers' Department.)

Hills of Song.¹

This is what the learned "Droch" would call another "chink filler"—because it is pretty, is verse, is limited as to edition, and published by Copeland & Day, who are "in the running" with the "Deckle Edge Renaissance."

"Lo! I have fared and fared again
Far up and down the ways of men,
And found no path I strayed along
As happy as the hills of song."

And why should not Mr. Scollard stray along that path that leads through hills of song where he

"Can filch the gold of rest
From the embers in the west,
And can spin (his) dreams as fine
As the wild cucumber vine
With its snowy fluff of flower?"

He does but sing because he must, and those who like not his "twitter" need not listen. The bees of Hybla must continue to hoard their honey for those who like sweets:

"Since ancient Syracusan days
It year by year has grown the sweeter;
For year by year life's opening ways
Run more in prose and less in meter.

These are but slips gathered at random from the flowers in Mr. Scollard's "Hills of Song." The paths along which these flowers grow wind among the hills of Italy and the Orient. The madrigals and catches have a more local flavor. But it matters not where we seek the sweets of life—they are to be found everywhere.

"O traveler, who hast wandered far
Neath Southern sun and Northern star,
Say where the fairest regions are.

"Friend, underneath whatever skies
Love looks in love-returning eyes,
There are the bowers of paradise."

The Gospel of Buddha. By Paul Carus. (The Open Court Publishing Co.). The fourth edition (revised) of Dr. Carus' book has quite recently made its appearance, in a new dress of buckram, and replete with index and much interesting data. Many have borne testimony to the erudition shown by Dr. Carus in his Gospel of Buddha, but we doubt not the Doctor himself was most flattered by its adoption as a text-book in the English schools at Colombo, Ceylon. It has been translated into Japanese and Chinese, and accorded the unique distinction of a reading by the King of Siam.

Literary Notes.

The *Cosmopolitan* for April contains, among other items of interest, the opening chapters of Frank Stockton's new story, "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht."

Messrs. Roberts Bros. have just issued the thirty-sixth volume of Miss Katherine Wormeley's excellent translations from Balzac—"The Gallery of Antiquities."

Messrs. Stone & Kimball's Spring announcements include "The Damnation of Theron Ware," by Harold Frederic; another volume of plays by M. Maeterlinck, translated by Richard Hovey; and "A House of Cards," by Alice S. Wolf.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have recently added to their Riverside Literature Series Hawthorne's "The House of the Seven Gables;" Burrough's "A Bunch of Herbs and Other Papers;" Shakespeare's "As You Like It;" and Milton's "Paradise Lost."

The *Atlantic Monthly* for April contains the opening chapters of "The Old Things," a four-part story by Henry James; a paper by Lafcadio Hearn upon "China and the Western World;" Prof. Shaler's contribution upon "Race Characteristics in American Life;" and articles by Alice Brown, Maurice Thompson, etc., etc.

¹ *Hills of Song*, by Clinton Scollard. Copeland and Day, Boston. Cloth, \$1.25.

[For list of Books Received, see page 88.]

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons announce Mr. Geo. Haven Putnam's "Books and Their Makers During the Middle Ages;" and a second edition, revised, with additions, of his "The Question of Copyright." The same firm will issue a popular edition of the "Age of Reason," by Thomas Paine; the "History of Oratory and Orators;" and the seventh volume of "Jefferson's Writings."

Much attention has been paid of late to the revival of the Olympian games at Athens, Greece. Several of the great dailies have vied with each other in the dissemination of classic knowledge thereon, but few thereof have been prolific in thanks to the writer of the article in a late number of the *North American Review*, Mr. George Horton, the American Consul at Athens.

Sometime ago Mr. Austin Dobson startled us by announcing a Goldsmith discovery. Now we learn that Mr. W. E. Henley has discovered some new Byron material, and that the publication of the first volume of the noble poet's works will be delayed in consequence until after Easter. Let us hope that Mr. Henley's discovery may prove better worth waiting for than was Mr. Dobson's.

We are curious to know to just what extent the introduction of the bicycle into France will affect Art and Letters. Only a few days ago we read in a Metropolitan daily that the annual Salon exhibition was threatened this year because the successor of the late Sarah Brown was too busy with her dissipations and exercises to give the artists the requisite sittings to enable them to complete their pictures.

After all, Mr. Hearst's New York paper, *The Journal*, seems to be, pictorially at least, only an advance issue of one of the great Chicago dailies. Having gathered about him all the available talent in New York,—the Ralphs and the Fords—Mr. Hearst has been casting his eye in a westerly direction. Mr. Willis J. Abbot is the first to fall a victim to his blandishments and will hereafter have charge of *The Journal's* editorial page.

A large French firm writes from Paris to an American correspondent that "owing to the commercial crisis suffered in this country by the Book Publishing trade for the last two years, the artists (illustrators) have been unoccupied, and the consequence is that they are offering their work at reduced terms. The price at which many artists are now ready to undertake work (the etchers especially) is considerably lower than it was one year ago."

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will issue immediately Miss Mabel L. Pray's "Motion Songs for Public Schools." The collection consists of about sixty songs suited to bring the hands, eyes, head, to express mental acts and emotions. The songs are appropriate to the different seasons, and the book is illustrated from photographs of pupils showing the simple gestures and attitudes most frequently used. The book should aid teachers in their physical culture work, and to them it is especially commended by the author.

Flower-Girl.

Flower-girl, ragged of dress,
Thin, and exceedingly pale,
Who shall your history guess
All of the pitiful stress,
What would the solving avail?

Crowds from the Opera press,
Voices the carriages hail,
What, you have buds here for sale
Flower-girl?

Now that the throng has grown less
Keen is your childish distress,
Eager indeed lest you fall
Somewhere to find tenderness;
Ah! but your figure so frail,

Flower-girl.

—Ernest McGaffey.

The Study Table.

After the Rain.

Clouds floating airily
After the rain,
Fleecily, fairily;
Sunshine again!
Hark! from the apple tree,
Brave robin singing!
See the old maple tree
Diamond dew flinging!
Life is begun again,
Nature is fain,
Cometh the sun again,
Hearts are at one again,
After the rain.

Philip G. Wright.

Introduction to Botany.

(By Prof. Spalding—D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.)

What we want very much nowadays is a set of elemental text books introducing our young folk to exact investigation in the sciences. We want as good books in zoölogy, botany, entomology, etc., as we have in Shaler's "First Book of Geology." This is so good as to be an ideal. I have felt it a sort of duty to recommend it everywhere. And I think we have in Professor Spalding's "Study of Common Plants" a decidedly good book in botany. That is, here is a book that a boy or a girl can take as a friend to guide research of their own. School is not going to do everything for our young people—and I am sorry to say it is not likely to do the most important thing—that is most schools will not do it. The very first need of a young person is to be taught to see for himself. Books, and not seldom teachers, propose to furnish eyes and do the seeing for the pupils. Prof. Spalding undertakes only to show them how to see to the best advantage.

I am sorry for only one thing, and that is a very great thing, that this book is not *applied* botany, but a study of vegetable life without application. We have a laboratory described with all needed appurtenances for preserving as well as dissecting plants; but we have no garden for growing them. The life development of the plant and its laws of growth are the most important matters; not the dead plant. By and by all botany will be studied in the garden. But I must not be misunderstood. There is a great deal taught here about growth; lessons of intense value to horticulture. For instance, the facts about pollenization are brought out, and the necessity in fruit growing that varieties that will not self-pollenize shall be grown near others that will supply the lack. I do not find, however, from this book, that the young people will learn that one exceedingly important use of leaves is to shade the tree itself in hot, drying weather. I do not find here taught the important fact that trees and vines purify the air; that their office is to take up poisonous damps and using the carboniferous elements, send out pure oxygen or ozone. It is a sad fact that our children go to school for ten years, and become very wise in facts that they cannot make any use of. A botanical fool is a very common creature. The same is true of the geological and zoölogical students. Mr. Spalding has done a good deal; but he has not given us what we must look for as the finality. Meanwhile we owe him a great debt of gratitude. The book is very valuable.

E. P. P.

Studies in the Thought World.

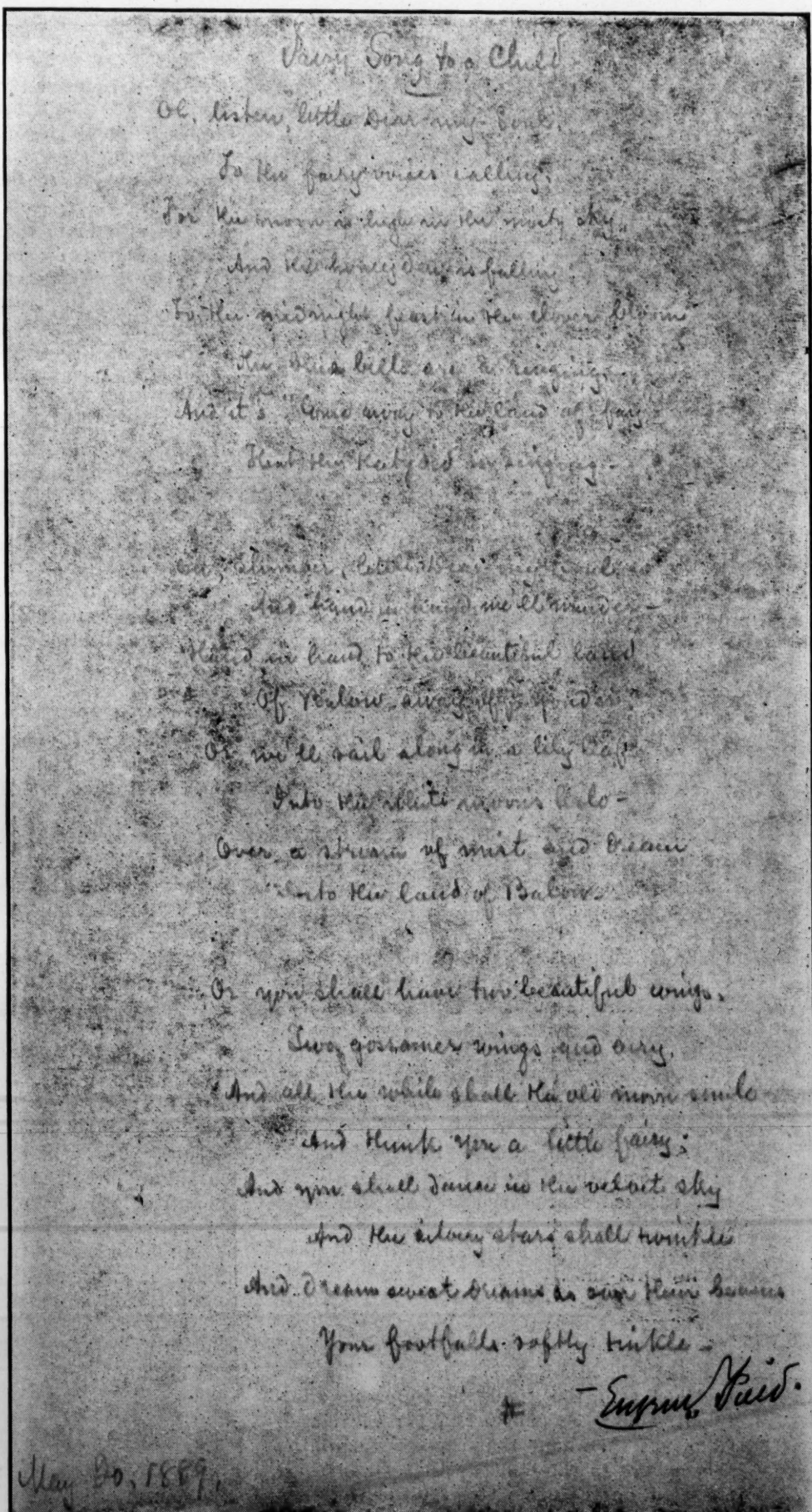
(Published by Lee & Shepherd, Boston.)

Henry Wood has written a new book that will be of great value to quietly contemplative minds; and read by those less inclined to see the soul of things will enlarge their universe by making it multifold. Mental science covers an unreal lot of extravagances and stupid one-sidedness, and it covers a great fact that mind is the supreme in a well-controlled organism. Mr. Wood stands for the latter. He is a believer in belief—that is, he has that entire faith in light and right which constitutes the essence of the teaching of Jesus. The Master in Judea broke with antecedent religion in this that he taught the downfall of brute force and the reign of trust and love. Mr. Wood says, "The power, quality, and exercise of the human thinking faculty are attracting unwonted attention, and trust in the potency of concentrated ideals is increasingly understood and utilized." It is a sorry fact that nothing in our schools

exists in the way of determining moral culture. All moral culture is a happening—an accident. But our intellectual teachers are learning the great value of the intensive method. The pupil is brought if possible to fix his full mind on a point, a fact, or an argument—to look under and over it and investigate its bearings. This is exactly the purport of the national school of mental scientists. They demand "all your heart." Mr. Wood's whole philosophy is "man is a child of God"—literally, fully; his whole duty is to know his Father.

E. P. P.

A writer in the *Outlook* says that some years ago a friend of his wrote a short story which a magazine accepted and paid \$50 for. The years went by and the story still rested snugly in the safe. Meanwhile the author of the tale had become an industrious man of letters and had achieved some little reputation. He one day met the editor, whom he had come to know, and asked him when he intended to print the story. The editor replied that he could not tell, but probably not in the immediate future. The author went home and thought the thing over, and then asked the editor for the privilege of buying the story back. The editor assenting to this, the author gave him \$50 and received back the story. He read it over, made a few minor changes, put a new title to it, had it typewritten, and then sent it back to the editor of the same magazine from whom he had just bought it. In a short time a check came for \$150, and an artist was engaged to illustrate it.



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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do
good is my Religion."

April Showers.

Who cares tho' rain descends,
And skies at times be grey,
When we can see it tends—
To bring the flowers of May?

And so if sorrows fall,
And clouds bedim the sky,
From this our God shall call
May flowers, bye and bye!
William Brunton.

WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.--The annual meeting of this society will be held on May 13 in connection with the annual meeting of our Western Conference, at Mr. Jones' church in Chicago, and the prospects are that we shall have a very enjoyable and fully attended meeting. We expect brief reports from all of our Sunday schools, and a full account of the two new courses that have been adopted the past year, one at Janesville and the other at Kalamazoo; while Rev. E. A. Horton, the president of the Eastern Sunday School Society, is to be present and give us an address on Sunday school work. In the evening Mr. Geo. P. Brown of Bloomington, the editor of the *Public-School Journal*, will give a paper on "Better Methods of Instruction in our Sunday Schools," and some of the professors of pedagogics in the Chicago University will discuss this paper. And on Thursday morning, Prof. Johnson of St. Louis will give an address on "Teaching Religion," with special reference to our six years' course. We hope also to have some expert in kindergarten methods give us a paper on "Teaching Religion Through Nature." Our Sunday School Society is in excellent condition. It has done more work and reached more schools this year than ever before, and if it receives the usual contributions from the schools, it will have all its bills paid.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.--Since the last report, the treasurer has received from Duluth, Minn., \$25. The secretary has received from the Field, the following additional sums: Freeport, Ill., \$5; Cleveland, Ohio, \$15. We hope that the few remaining subscribers to the deficit will send in their subscriptions at once, so that the churches can put all their available gifts into their contributions for the current year.

COON RAPIDS, IA.--The little society here, though without a pastor, still goes on its way and has completed its first year. Its Sunday school now numbering over 40 and a young men's class has been organized. Lay services are held every Sunday, at which Mr. Savage of Boston preaches thoroughly practical sermons. Our plans have been completed to secure Rev. Mr. Cochran of Perry every third Sunday.

THE ORTHODOX WORLD.--The theological seminary at Bareilly, situated in India, has received from a friend a guaranty fund sufficient to educate forty natives to the ministry. This is hopeful. Whatever religion is to help India must eventually be voiced by natives and become a product of the soil. Foreign missionaries in the wide or narrow sense are temporary and oftentimes disappointing expediences.

IOWA CITY, IA.--Rev. Mr. Perkins has resigned from the church in this city, and Rev. E. E. Gordon has accepted a call to supply the pulpit as soon as she leaves her work in Sioux City. Miss Gordon has served the Sioux City church for many years in conjunction with Miss Safford and they have been an immense power for good in the life of that rapidly-growing place, and Iowa City is to be congratulated on its good fortune in securing a minister of such ability and experience. She is most admirably qualified to improve the young life that flows through the State University of this city, and we prophesy a long and useful career for her and new and strong life for the church.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.--The Young Men's Union of the People's Church of this city have published an address by the minister, Miss Bartlett, on the question, "Why the People's Church Would Fellowship Col. Ingersoll." It is in every way a most remarkable sermon and must do an immense amount of good. We are glad to learn that it is selling rapidly and widely five hundred having been ordered from New York City alone. The proceeds of the publication go to the treasury of the Young Men's Union, Kalamazoo, Mich., and orders can be addressed to them for copies, or to the Unitarian Headquarters, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

EUROPE.--Emperor William says he is going to the coronation fete at Moscow next May, an announcement of great significance to the diplomats. Would that it were of greater significance to the humani-

tarian, indicating the growth of love-life between nations.

SECULAR WORKERS FOR GOSPEL INTERESTS.--Farmer Hines of Minnesota, who owned but a quarter section of mortgaged land, seeing how railroads sometimes rob the country, bids fair to succeed in his purpose of having a road of his own running from Duluth to the Red River Valley in North Dakota. He has fifty miles of right of way and pledges for earthwork, ties, etc., by the farmers along the way.--C. L. Brewer of Lansing, Tenn., is trying to start another community based on the distribution of the military and police power, the single tax, total abstinence from alcohol, tobacco and profane and obscene language; a belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man and in some kind of a Christ-millennium kingdom, all of which is the "jingling of sweet bells out of tune," incoherent mouthings of a gospel not clearly articulated.--Among the reform measures now pending in Congress, which have some chance of success, the following are reported: "An Anti-Prize Fight Bill" (passed); "A Divorce Bill," making a year's continuous residence in a territory a prerequisite; "To Raise the Age of Consent to Eighteen in the District of Columbia and the Territories;" "The Anti-Gambling Law," to strengthen the state anti-gambling laws, particularly against the use of the telegraph for gambling; "The Appointment of a Non-Partisan Commission of Twenty-one, of whom one-third shall be representatives of labor, one-third of agriculture and one-third of business, to investigate questions pertaining to immigration, labor, agriculture and business;" "To Substitute Voluntary Arbitration for Railway Strikes" (this bill drawn up by Hon. Carroll D. Wright).--The American Institute of Sacred Literature have offered again the first and second prizes of one hundred dollars and fifty dollars for college students passing best examination in Hebrew, New Testament, Greek and the English Bible. Examinations were held in eighty-one colleges in the United States and Canada. The first Hebrew prize was won

Books Received.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO.
The Primary Factors of Organic Evolution. By E. D. Cope, Ph. D. Cloth.

The Gospel of Buddha, according to old records. Fourth edition revised. By Paul Carus. Cloth, gilt top, \$1 00.

The Religion of Science. Second edition, revised and enlarged. By Paul Carus. Cloth, 50c.

Karma, a Story of Early Buddhism. By Paul Carus. Illustrated and printed in colors by T. Hasegawa, Tokyo, Japan.

An Examination of Weismannism. By George John Romanes, F. R. S., Paper, 35c.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK.

He Suffered or Human Suffering. Six Meditations for Holy Week. By Wilfred Monod. Translated from the French by Annie D. Perkins. 60c. A. C. McClurg & Co.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK.

The Things That Matter. By Francis Gribble. Paper 50c. A. C. McClurg & Co.

anæmia

If you are anæmic, your blood is starving for fat; you are not assimilating your food-fat. You *can* assimilate

Scott's Emulsion

by a Hebrew of the University of Pennsylvania; the first New Testament Greek prize was won by a woman in the University of New Brunswick. The first in the English Bible by a woman in Rockford College. Full announcements may be secured by addressing the Institute at Hyde Park, Chicago, Ill.—Adelbert College and the College for Women of Western Reserve University report that their property for the last five years has increased at the rate of one hundred thousand dollars a year.

Contributions.

CHICAGO.—A most interesting meeting was recently held in the Civic Federation rooms, Chicago. There were present fourteen gentlemen and two ladies.

The meeting was addressed mostly by Mr. Dodds, who is the main worker in the movement to help the ex-convicts—in our city—to get some legitimate work to do. Mr. Dodds told us that one hundred and twenty-five ex-convicts come to Chicago every month. When the state's prison discharges them each man is given ten dollars and a suit of clothes. But the clothes are all turned out by a certain factory and puts the stamp "jail-bird" on them, almost as much as a striped prison suit. A change in this matter would be for the moral good of the convict. Twenty-five per cent. of the discharged convicts are willing to work honestly. Mr. Dodds read two very interesting letters from men who had been out of prison and in their own homes two years. The gist of the whole question concerning convicts is that they need education. The lack of education, drill, in practical industrial branches, was what got them into the state's prison and will put the majority of them back there. Dr. Hall and Mrs. Campbell and Dr. Ayers made most sensible remarks, urging that attention be drawn to the fact that the states' prisons themselves ought to be converted into industrial schools. That each convict might be turned loose again in the world a master of some one trade no matter how simple. Outside industrial schools, as they now stand, were not considered as filling the need. The criminals say they would be better off to remain in the penitentiary than come out and go to another place that puts a second mark on them. Dr. Parker said it was desirable to enlighten the people of Chicago about the object of the movement to benefit convicts. A wrong impression got about that it was a private venture of Mr. Dodds.

This movement is not to encourage sickly sentimentalism, but to solve a practical problem of how to restrain the criminals from further criminality by filling their hands and minds full of honest labor, and so guard our homes and states.

Marie Harrold Garrison.

CHICAGO.—The Helen Heath Settlement in connection with All Souls church reports a Girls' Club meeting every Monday afternoon for reading and physical culture, led by Mrs. W. C. Dunn; a Boys' Club meeting every Tuesday afternoon, led by Miss Buckingham; a Social Club for men and women on Thursday evenings, where there is reading and dancing, and recently Miss Annie Mitchell has been giving interpretations of musical selections rendered by some of Prof. Tomlin's scholars, proving that the best anywhere is none too good for Bridgeport. Friday evenings Mr. Winston and Mr. Burt have a boys' class in Municipal Government. Once a month the Settlement workers have an informal exchange of ideas and discussing of plans. These occur on the final Wednesday of every month at 869 Thirty-third court.

Fifty-nine dollars was realized from a parlor concert at Mrs. Kent's recently. Two hundred dollars has been allotted to the Settlement from the will of the late Hosier Leslie Ford Morgan, the assign-

ment being made on account of the non-sectarian quality of its work. All Souls church is anxiously waiting for the time when the non-sectarian quality of all its work will be as clearly established in the letter as it has been in the spirit.

The Day Nursery has made a small beginning, small but very encouraging, at 866 Thirty-third court.

Mrs. Vogt, a poor German woman, receives into her own home the children of poor neighbors while the mothers go out to work, and cares for them for a small sum under the supervision of wise women who furnish the things necessary for the children's health and comfort. Something has also been done, is being done not only to find work for competent women, but to help train the incompetent. The assistance of ladies who are willing to take some of these inexperienced girls and women into their houses for training, is solicited.

IDA GROVE, IOWA.—At the Grand Opera House March 11 a banquet was given by the Unity Society. The meeting was called to order by Rev. Mary A. Safford. During the progress of the supper we were favored with music by the orchestra. The banquet and, indeed, the proceedings of the whole evening were characterized by universal good cheer and sociability. At the close of the banquet, the regular business meeting of Unity Society, President C. N. Clark, presided. The first business was the reading of reports by the secretaries and the same were presented in the following order: That of the Sunday school and Unity Club by Miss Rita Freeman, she being the secretary of each organization; next in order was the report of Unity Circle, which was presented by Mrs. Nellie Hose, secretary. This was followed by the report of the secretary of the Unity Society, which in the absence of Mr. S. K. Pettit, secretary, was read by Mrs. Wm. M. Wilcox, secretary pro tem. The report of the treasurer of Unity Society was then presented by the treasurer, Mr. Martin Sauer. At the conclusion of the reading of the various reports, they were accepted and it was ordered that they be placed on file and incorporated in the proceedings of the meeting. The reports were as follows: "Unity Sunday school of Ida Grove, Ia., was organized May 19, 1895, and the following officers for the year were elected: Mr. C. N. Clark, director; Miss Rita Freeman, secretary; Mrs. Wm. Wilcox, treasurer, and Mr. Leslie King, librarian. The first meeting of the Sunday school was May 29, at which time 46 pupils were enrolled. The Sunday school has continued right on. The present teachers being Dr. T. A. Collett, Mr. J. W. Reed, Mrs. Corbett, Mrs. Wilcox and Miss Freeman. The adults and large boys and girls are now studying the text book, 'Citizen and Neighbor,' a study of men's rights and duties as citizens. The rest of the school are pursuing a series of papers entitled 'Mother Nature's Children' with the definite object of finding God through nature. The Sunday school as a school has had two festivities, a picnic in the summer and the Christmas exercises. The average attendance is about 40 pupils. The school is thrifty and prosperous and we hope through its influence to make many enthusiastic and earnest workers for the society."

"The Unity Club of Ida Grove was organized September 20, with the following officers: Homer S. Bradshaw, president; Mrs. E. P. Corbett, vice-president; Miss Freeman, secretary; John T. Hallam, treasurer; and a board of directors consisting of Prof. S. Yates, J. W. Reed, Mrs. Wm. M. Wilcox, Chas. Macomber and Mrs. J. R. Baxter. The first meeting of the club was on September 27, at which time 30 members were enrolled; the membership has since increased to 56. The club meets every Friday evening in the Y. M. C. A. rooms. The object of the club is the mutual improve-

ment socially and intellectually of its members. It is divided into two sections, a Literary and Historical section with alternate work. Each member of the club is a member of both sections. The History section is studying the history of Cuba and Mexico and the Literary section has made a study of the Life of the Early New Englanders, New England writers and their influence. On December 20 the club gave a reception and dinner to its members, an event which was much enjoyed by the participants."

"Unity Circle was organized January 13, 1896, with eleven ladies present. The following officers were chosen: Mrs. Wm. M. Wilcox, president; Mrs. J. W. Somers, vice-president; Mrs. Hose, secretary; Mrs. J. W. Reed, treasurer, and Mrs. Corbett, leader to prepare literary program. The object of the organization is to promote the welfare of the Unity Society of Ida Grove, for social and religious culture and the general up-building of our faith. The meetings are held each week on Friday afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock, at the homes of the different members of the Circle. After conducting the business of the meeting, the time is given to literary work. We are now reading one of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' books entitled, 'A Singular Life.' Nine meetings have been held. The present membership is 24, average attendance 12. A permanent initiation fee of 50 cents is charged and a collection of five cents is taken at each meeting. The amount realized by membership fees is \$10.50, collections \$5.45. The Circle has given one church supper, the receipts of which were \$27.50. Total amount paid into the treasury is \$43.45; total amount paid out is \$15.75, leaving a balance of \$27.70 in the treasury. The Circle has purchased dishes which, we are very sorry, did not arrive in time to be dedicated at our Parish supper."

The next in order was the election of officers of the society for the ensuing year, and on motion of Mr. E. P. Corbett, it was ordered that the president appoint a committee to report nominations for the office of trustees; whereupon the president appointed Mr. E. P. Corbett, Mr. Martin Sauer and Mrs. J. W. Reed, who afterward reported, recommending Dr. T. A. Collett, J. W. Reed, C. N. Clark, John Lampson, Sidney Clark, Mrs. Wm. M. Wilcox and Mrs. S. K. Pettit, to be such trustees. Whereupon the report of the committee

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was adopted and the persons above named were chosen as trustees, and upon motion of Mr. C. C. Warren it was ordered that their terms of office expire in the order named. Further business in order was the election of treasurer of the society and Mr. C. J. Seidensticker was unanimously elected to such office, he being the only nominee.

The literary program of the evening was next, conducted by Miss E. E. Gordon presiding as toastmistress, who very happily presented the sentiments for response. The responses were very apt and well received by the assembly and were upon sentiments and by the persons named in the program as follows:

MUSIC BY THE ORCHESTRA.

Greeting.....Rev. E. E. Gordon
Why Unity Society?.....Mr. C. N. Clark
The Isolated Liberal..Mr. Chas. Macomber
Our Choir.....By the Choir
What of the Future?....Mr. Gray Warren
Our Faith, What Will We Do With It?
.....Rev. Mary A. Safford

BENEDICTION.

Miss Safford briefly responded to the sentiment but devoted her talk mainly to advice and suggestion for the future of the society. Mrs. Lynn and Mrs. Theodore Pappé were present as representatives of the Sioux City Unity Society. At the conclusion of the program the meeting was dismissed with a benediction by the Rev. E. E. Gordon.

Old and New.

A WAKING DREAM.

Did you ever lie for a week in a state of half-delirium? Not that mad frenzy of the brain, where one is tortured with repulsive sights; or where one falls to recognize one's friends, or fears to take wholesome food, suspecting poison. But just in that semi-sane state, where to be quiet means to drift through space as if one had been eating hasheesh. The pain of the body, perhaps, has been allayed. The fever is there, but not raging. Thirst can be quieted at any moment these common sense days, by turning to the pitcher of iced water at the bedside. There is nothing to trouble one. The room is quiet and dark. The nurse does not move unless she is wanted. The dull perfume of cape jasmine steals to your senses, or that of roses, or carnations—tributes of those you love best. There is nothing to do in all the wide world—no engagements to keep, no one to feel sorry for but yourself, no work to do. Nothing but to float and dream.

The mystics of India believe in levitation—they think that by exercise of the will and a holding of the breath it is possible for a man to overcome the laws of gravitation, and float in space at his will.

Certainly, it is possible for the person in a happy delirium to do this. At least he feels sure he is doing it, and that is the same thing. So up, up out of the darkened room he floats, away into tender and perfumed air, and exults in the fine power with which he has overcome nature. Presently he comes to a cañon. It is wild enough and deep enough, and the draft that blows down it is cool enough to

make it in Colorado. But where in that rugged state is there a cañon so hung with vines that show translucent in the light? Where in Colorado or any other place on earth are there leaves so wonderful in shape, so many veined, so changed in hue—silver and green, bronze and yellow? Where does the wind carry a song on it as if many birds were singing together the chorus from "Cavalleria Rusticana?" "He arose from the dead. He reigns in the glory of heaven—in the glory of heaven."

Or is it you, yourself, and not the chorus of invisible birds who are singing it? Is it you who sends forth from lungs and throat that splendid swelling chorus, which rises louder and louder—"He is risen from the dead oggi asee gloria del ciel—alla gloria del ciel!"

Wonderful, too, that all those tree trunks which but a moment before made glorious the side of the cañon, should turn into the pipes of a mighty organ, all the color of gold, and that the wind should blow through them, making reedy and solemn music. Wonderful, too, that the other trees on the topmost bank should shape themselves into the gothic arches of a cathedral, and that you should be there alone, and from the farthest end should stream a glory as of the sun through glass of many stains. "He is risen from the dead. He reigns in the glory of heaven!"

Then suddenly—blackness.

And suddenly, too, silence.

To have neither sound nor light—that is horrible. It is to be wrapped about with muffling blankets. The senses struggle like madmen in chains to find an exercise for themselves. And they snap, some way, in their frantic struggles, the chains of darkness and of silence and there is noise again and light. But the noise is very strange. It is the voice of the hills crying to one another. And the light is gray and dim and steals between hoary hillsides—hillsides that are as old as the shaped world. And when you look closer behold all the topmost peaks of the hills have faces of cold, gray stone—wild and primitive faces, with great mouths, and from these mouths there comes a cry. And the cry is that of weariness and age. It is a mighty voice making plaint for the travail of the earth. It is as the voice of a giant mother in birth throes, groaning for what the earth must annually bring forth—moaning with the anguish of the mother who yearly bears millions of men.

Beyond is the sea—a gray sea, with waves that leap high and in leaping take to themselves all the semblance of sad, old faces with torn white hair framing their melancholy. They, too, have voices, and they cry for the dead of which they know, and for the fate of the ships that float on them, and for the sorrow of the living who have told their sorrows.

Then, suddenly, the dawn! Day's miracle! The marvel of creeping light and purple east! The marvel of rose clouds dancing over a sky of blue! The marvel of quieted waves, sun-glittering, and of airs that blow from the sweet chambers of Aurora! The marvel of the tired bird rest-

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ing on the wave! The marvel of the hills that cease their might, moaning and singing together for love of life. The marvel of dew in the flower, and of perfume from the fields, and of the nodding tassels of the grass—and there are miles of grass—miles and miles of tossing, tiny heads of feathered grass, and each a world for wee creatures living their lives with as much intensity in their way, pretty things, as we.

Ah, small we! Trifling, evanescent we! So full of our conceit! So very, very slight in creation's sum! So foolish in our joy; so selfish in our sorrow; so limited in knowledge; so arrogant in our hopes for immortality.

Out there on the shore where the dawn is there comes in slow procession all the men of the earth. And there is a man, or a woman, or a child for every grain of sand that lies there. And behold the men and the women are no larger than the grains of sand, and they are as much alike one to the other as are the grains of sand. And into the hands of the dreamer there is placed a huge glass that magnifies these men till he can see them distinctly, although they are no larger than the sands of the sea. And as he looks he sees strange sights. He sees these tiny, egotistic things fall on each other and slay each other. And he sees him who kills the most is called great, and put high on the shoulders of the rest. And he hears the shouts of victory, and names are cried, "Caesar! Napoleon! Grant!" And these are great because they have slain many men. Yet he sees another man, who, from much suffering, kills one man to secure his own personal liberty. And he sees this man who kills but one bad man put all his life in a prison house where he is detained by force. Yet he killed a bad man, while the great killed many innocent men. And the dreamer wonders much, and is shown a great book wherein is written the law of nations. And as he reads he laughs, because it so ill accords with the justice and the equity of things, or with men's needs, or with the truth. And looking through the magnifying glass at all the swarming, tiny men, the dreamer sees yet stranger things—men who starve each other—men bound by law to women whom they hate—women loving in secret men they dare not tell their love to—children bearing in misshaped bodies and enfeebled minds the burden of their parents' sins—men beating helpless animals—food rotting in warehouses, and many hungry—clothes rotting on shelves, and many naked. And from the mass come cries of hate, and loathing, and of fear.

Then suddenly all lifted up their faces—every man and woman, no matter how craven—lifted up their faces hopefully, for a voice came out of heaven, saying: "Behold the truth!" And they all looked. And

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F. B. KNAPP, S. B.

a white figure was before them, large as the sea and sky.

But the face of it was veiled, and the lips were silent! And the men and women who had hoped fell prone upon the sand and wept!

And so the scene faded and brought a cottage—a little home—where forget-me-nots grew in the garden and Virginia creeper clung about the latticed windows. And a woman with a quiet face looked out of it. And below was a man, working in the soil. And he was begrimed with it, but his face was full of happiness and health. And the woman looking at him said softly: "I love you!"

And it seemed as if there were the end of time, for all the palpable earth vanished then, and the delirium was gone. And there was only sleep. And sleep is the end of all things—perhaps.

Elia W. Peattie

Mater Dolorosa.

Because of one small, low-laid head all crowned

With golden hair,
Forevermore all fair young brows to me
A halo wear;
I kiss them reverently. Alas! I know
The pain I bear.

Because of dear but close shut holy eyes
Of heaven's own blue,
All little eyes do fill my own with tears—
Whate'er their hue;
And motherly I gaze their innocent,
Clear depths into.

Because of little pallid lips, which once
My name did call,
No childish voice in vain appeal upon
My ears doth fall;
I count it all my joy their joys to share
And sorrows small.

Because of little dimpled hands
Which folded lie,
All little hands henceforth to me do have
A pleading cry;
I clasp them as they were small, wandering
birds
Lured home to fly.

Because of little death-cold feet, for earth's
Rough roads unmeet,
I'd journey leagues to save from sin or harm
Such little feet,
And count the loftiest service done for them
So sacred—sweet!

—M. E. Paull, in *Altruist Interchange*.

Easter Island.—Far away in the Pacific Ocean lies a lonely volcanic island which is called Easter Island, from the fact that it was discovered on Easter Day, 1722, by a navigator named Roggeree, a Dutch admiral. Its real name is Rapa-Nui, and its Polynesian inhabitants are fast dying out. Comparatively few explorers have visited it, and contrary to the joyous spring name it has, it is a deserted place. What makes Easter Island of interest are the numbers of colossal stone heads and busts, called Moai, which abound there, evidently the work of the natives of hundreds of years ago. A few of these are erect, but many have fallen. The legend says that King Tukuhiu settled in Rapa-Nui, and retired into a cave, where he carved and cut all the gigantic heads, which removed themselves to their present position on the island. When he became old he did not die, but was turned into a butterfly, which is called in that country by his name. Tukuhiu used to search for eggs in the nests of the sea-birds, and when he lost his human form the chief who wished to succeed him agreed to search for a certain number of eggs, and the first to collect them was appointed king. It is singular that eggs without any special significance should have been so important on Easter Island.—*Littell's Living Age*.

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